A

SUPPLEMENT

TO

LORD *ANSON'S*

VOYAGE

ROUND THE

WORLD.

CONTAINING

A DISCOVERY and DESCRIPTION of the ISLAND of *FRIVOLA.*

BY THE

Abbé *COYER.*

To which is prefix'd,

An Introductory PREFACE by the TRANSLATOR.

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Introductory PREFACE

BY THE

TRANSLATOR.

THIS little *Piece* merits our Attention on many Accounts. It is very happily conceived, very ingeniouſly executed, and has met with univerſal Applauſe, not only in *France*, but in almoſt every Country upon the Continent, where it has followed the Book upon which it is founded, and has very juſtly merited that Title which it now bears. We very often ſee florid Compoſures, that promiſe prodigious Things, and with an affected Air of ſuperior Science impoſe upon the *Vulgar*; but upon thorough Examination are found to be no more than *elaborate Trifles*. This Performance is directly the Reverſe, it promiſes Amuſement; it has all the raviſhing Airs, and all the delightful *Graces* of an high finiſhed *Romance*; but at the ſame Time, it is a ſevere and judicious *Criticiſm*, upon the almoſt innumerable Follies of the *preſent Age*. It would pleaſe if it had only Life, Spirit and Raillery to recommend it. It ought to command our Attention, even if thoſe Beauties were wanting, from the Generoſity of the Deſign, and that noble Freedom of Thought that reigns throughout. It

reſembles, ſo far as they are laudable, the *Eulogy* of *Folly* by *Eraſmus*, the *Utopia* of Sir *Thomas Moor*, and the *Atlantis* of the Viſcount of St. *Albans*, without any of their Imperfections; for as it begins in a very *lively* Manner, it proceeds *uniformly* and concludes *excellently*.

It contains a Polite *Satire* upon the *French*, a very high *Panegeric* on the *Engliſh* Nation.

In his Deſcription of an *imaginary Country* we are given to underſtand, that there cannot be a greater *Folly*, than for People to perſuade themſelves they are *improving*, when in reality they are forcing, violating, and diſtorting *Nature*. The Conſequences of theſe fallacious Arts are very whimſically repreſented, and the Groteſque Picture of a Country, where the Productions are all ſubtilized by *Art*, till they become utterly unfit for the wiſe *Purpoſes* for which *Providence* deſigned them, is very pleaſant and ſurpriſing, at the ſame Time that it is very juſt and perfectly conſiſtent with *Truth*. *Good Senſe* teaches, and *Great Men* have affirmed, that *Nature* may be *improved*; but this is to be done by *following* her Steps, *aſſiſting* her Endeavours, and *promoting* her Labours, not by croſſing, contradicting and counter-acting her, which *Experience* will inform us (if we are not wiſe enough to take it upon this Author's Word) can extort only fantaſtical Appearances, deluſory Triumphs, and nothing that can poſſibly conduce either to the *Beneſit* or *Happineſs* of *Mankind*.

When he comes to ſpeak of the *Inhabitants*, he ſhews us with great Strength of Thought and Vivacity of Expreſſion, what a Train of ridiculous Abſurdities, inevitably attend upon *falſe Taſte*. When forgetting thoſe neceſſary Diſtinctions that ariſe from *Age*, *Rank*, or *Profeſſion*, a whole Nation gives an indiſcriminate Looſe to their wild Paſſions for *Dreſs*, *Furniture* and *Diverſions*. When the *Old*

ſtrive

ſtrive to hide a Circumſtance that ought to render them *Venerable*, not from *others* but from *themſelves*, and ſo loſe the Benefit of *Experience*, at the ſame Time that they are *deſpiſed* by thoſe in whoſe *Follies* they prepoſterouſly deſire to have a *Share*. When the Sex who ſhould be the Patrons of Modeſty and Decency in their *full Extent*, *piqueing* themſelves upon *Preciſeneſs*, in Point of *Form*, while they indulge themſelves in every *groſſer Reſpect*, lay on the *Colour* of *Virtue*, to hinder *Vice* from appearing *frightful*, ſo that their *Minds* and their *Faces* are equally *Falſe*; and the giddy Purſuit of a tumultuary *Gallantry*, deſtroys that noble and neceſſary *Connection*, which *Providence* intended for the *Support* and *Bleſſing* of human Nature. When all real *Senſe* of *Dignity* being obliterated, *Magiſtrates*, *Generals*, *Stateſmen*, blend all their great Abilities, with a mean Attachment to trifling *Pleaſures*, and ſet themſelves on the *Level* every *Evening* in their *Diverſions* with *thoſe* whom they govern in the *Day*; and fooliſhly fancy that this may be done without Diminution of *Character*, or without lifting the *Theatrical* Heroes they admire by that very Circumſtance above *Themſelves* in *Vulgar Eſtimation*.

There are even ſome *bolder Strokes* than theſe which reach through Perſons at *Things*, and point out many Flaws and Defects both in their *Civil* and *Religious* Adminiſtration, which is an inconteſtible Proof that *Good Senſe* is every where the ſame, and that even in *Arbitrary* Governments, Men of *Genius* will find a Way to expreſs their Contempt of *ſolemn Fooleries* and *revered Abſurdities*, and this borrows ſo much Elegance and Beauty from the *Manner* in which it is *done*, that even thoſe who feel the *Edge* of the *Satire*, are inclined to pardon the *Stroke* out of regard to the *Honeſty* of the *Intention*, and the *Addreſs* ſhewn in the Management of ſo dangerous a *Weapon*. Indeed, the Author's *Patriotiſm*

is his higheſt Character, his *Ridicule* is every where juſtly pointed, and if he rallies his *own* Nation ſeverely, they owe it ſolely to their Exceſſes, and not at all to the Severity of his Diſpoſition, of which indeed there is not a *Feature* to be diſcerned throughout his whole Work.

In regard to his *Panegyric*, we are to conſider,

FIRST, That it is the pure Effects of his *Impartiality* ariſing from the Compariſon of the *Idea* he has formed of the *Genius* of *our Nation*, with that of his own. He delivers himſelf upon this Head with great Freedom, from a juſt Perſuaſion, that nothing good or great can be attained, but by a ſteady Purſuit of *Truth*. To this he ſacrifices all that vulgar *Self-Conceit*, by which the *French* in general are drawn into a fond Perſuaſion, that they exceed all other *Nations*, almoſt in the ſame Degree that the reſt of *Mankind* tranſcend other *Animals*. That in Point of Courage, Wiſdom, Science, Wit, and Politeneſs, they move in a ſuperior Orb; and that whatever appears of theſe excellent *Qualities* in other *Nations*, is borrowed by *Reflection*, or caught by *Imitation*. This oſtentatious *Folly* he treats as it deſerves, and points out very clearly, its terrible Effects, by introducing Contempt of the *only Method* by which *Learning* and *Arts* can be kept from running into *Extravagance*, and exalting CAPRICE under the plauſible Name of TASTE to that Office which ought ever to be held by GOOD SENSE; yet all this is done not to *deride*, or to *degrade*, but to ſhame his *Countrymen* into what is *honeſt*, *laudable*, and *great*. It is for this Reaſon that,

SECONDLY, he points to Us as ſtanding in his Opinion poſſeſſed of ſome high and admirable Qualities which the *French*, notwithſtanding their *good Opinion* of themſelves, hardly *comprehend*. He deſcribes *Us* as admiring *Arts* and *Sciences* only as Inſtruments of *public Good*, preferring that to every *private Advantage*, and making

making the Welfare of ALL the ruling Paſſion in every *Individual*. He inſtances that Zeal, that Intrepidity and Spirit which the *Britiſh* Nation have ſhewn in improving *Navigation*, braving the greateſt Dangers in ſearch of *uſeful Diſcoveries*, and raiſing thereby a greater and more glorious *Maritime Power* than *Aſia* in TYRE, or *Africa* in CARTHAGE, could ever *boaſt*. Be it our Buſineſs not to bring *Diſcredit* on this *Piece*, by anſwering but *indifferently* to what this *elegant Writer* has *vouched* for us; let us, at leaſt, learn from *him* what in our Conduct *Foreigners* would moſt *admire*; and let us make uſe of the *good Advice* given in that weighty Line which POPE wiſely *borrowed*, and judiciouſly *commends*, *viz.*

PRAISE *undeſerved is* SATIRE *in* DISGUISE.

THE EDITOR'S PREFACE TO THE *Dutch* EDITION.

To the READER,

YOU are about to peruſe this Diſcovery of the Iſland *of* Frivola, *but do you know what you are doing? Have you any Apprehenſion of the Riſque you run? You will be charmed with this fine and ingenious Critic on the People of the preſent Age and their Manners. But be upon your Guard with reſpect to your ſelf. You will not be able to read four Pages, before you find yourſelf hit by ſome ſatirical Stroke, which your Underſtanding will approve, without conſulting your Pride. Alas! I know this by melancholy Experience. My Parents gave me an Education too ſolid to qualify me for refined Taſte, but Nature will ſhew itſelf. I had very boldly read I can't tell how many Books of Reflection, without ever reflecting, when ſeduced by the Title, and the Succinctneſs of this, I caſt my Eyes over it, and ſhall I tell you the Truth? At the very ſecond Page I made one Reflection, then another. I diſcovered myſelf preſently. I looked cloſely into my own Breaſt, and found a moſt monſtrous Conjunction between a* Frivolian *Soul and a* Dutch *Body. Oh, deareſt Reader! whom ſome happy Inſtinct has hitherto, it may be, defended from the Plague of Thought; ſtop, ſtop ſhort at the firſt Reflection; it will otherwiſe beget more. If indeed, according to the eſtabliſhed Cuſtom, riſing from the*

the natural Benignity of our own Hearts, theſe fell only on our Neighbours, Things might go on in their old Way: But you will apply them to yourſelf: I give you friendly Notice of it, for this may otherwiſe produce an aſtoniſhing Revolution in you. You will no longer believe that Nothings *can deſerve a* high Price. *You will labour to reform, and to fix your* Imagination, *by giving it* good Senſe *for its Guide. That old faſhioned* Good Senſe *which has been ſo long* out *of* Date *will caſt over your* Intentions *and your whole* Conduct *a* Varniſh *of* Antiquity, *of which the World has no Comprehenſion. In the End, it is poſſible you may become a* Man *of* Merit, *a* Man *of* Solidity; *but to be a* Man *of* Solidity *before one has* Grey Hairs, *is to be* buried alive, *and no leſs prepoſterous, than making a* Practice *of going regularly to* Church *before one is* Thirty.

A

SUPPLEMENT

TO

Lord ANSON's Voyage round the WORLD.

CONTAINING

A DISCOVERY and DESCRIPTION of the Iſland of FRIVOLA.

ADMIRAL *ANSON* has lately obliged the Public with an intereſting Hiſtory of his Voyage round the Globe, but why would he hide from our Knowledge an Iſland which Nature deſtined as much for our Uſe as his? Does this proceed from that Singularity which reigns through his whole Work? Is an *Engliſhman* afraid of ſpeaking Truth, whenever that *Truth* happens to be a little *improbable?* A *Frenchman* dares go a Step farther; in ſuch a Caſe, at leaſt, it is his Duty. It may be, after all, he had ſtill another Reaſon, a *Reaſon* of *State*; for in his Manuſcript I find the following marginal Note. "I made the whole "Squadron ſwear by the *ſacred Liberty* of the *Engliſh* Nation, "never to touch in their Diſcourſe upon the Frivolous Iſland." On the other hand, I have ſworn by the *profound Submiſſion*, which is the

Glory of the *French*, that I will tell the World all I know. The Public may judge whether the Squadron or I beſt keep our *Oaths*.

It ſignifies little to Mankind to be informed of the Manner in which the *Manuſcript* fell into my Hands; in making that known, I muſt betray him who betrayed the Admiral. The main Point in reſpect to the Public, is a *faithful Tranſlation*, and for that I pawn you my Honour.

Admiral ANSON after having doubled *Cape Horn*, expoſed to the Dangers of the moſt tempeſtuous of all Seas, and the Severity of the moſt terrible of all Climates, after full ſeven Weeks of ſucceſſive Storms, which had ſeparated him from half his Squadron, having ſuffered in his Sails, Maſts, and Rigging, occupied without Receſs in ſtopping Leaks, that were diſcovered one Day after another, found his Force reduced to three Veſſels, all of which were infected with the Scurvy, having thrown over more dead Men, than there remained living, and thoſe very ſick, perceived that even theſe were too many to ſubſiſt on the ſmall Quantity of Proviſions he had left: However, even in this Condition he continued to form Schemes for depriving the *Spaniards* of ſome of their beſt Places in *America*, or at leaſt ſharing in the *Treaſures* which they derive from thence.

Never any Squadron ſurely ſtood more in need of a Place of Refreſhment. He bore away, therefore, for the Iſland of *Juan Fernandez*, in the Latitude of between *thirty-four* and *thirty-five* Degrees South. An impetuous Guſt from the North drove him as high as *forty-five* Degrees, into that immenſe Ocean where none had ever hoped or looked for Land. In this Situation a ſtrict Survey was made of *Biſcuit* and *Water*; the Reſult was a moral Certainty, that in two Days they muſt periſh either through *Hunger* or *Thirſt*. Being now at the Mercy of the Wind and Seas, a Sai-

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lor ſurpriſed them with bawling out *Land*. To People periſhing, any Shore appears a Paradiſe: This which they diſcovered lay about ſixteen Leagues *South-Weſt*. They crowded all their Sail to reach it; and the Wind ſinking as they drew towards Land, they entered ſounding every Minute into a Bay on the North-Side of the Iſland, where they let fall their Anchors. There was no Time loſt in debarking, or in ſetting up of Tents for the Sick. A Wood, which formed a Kind of Amphitheatre above the Bay, preſented to their View Abundance of Trees laden with Fruit, which bore a near Reſemblance to our *Peaches*, the lateſt Preſent of the Seaſon, for in that Country the *Winter* was drawing on.

They made no Difficulty of helping themſelves as ſoon as they were within reach; but found their Stomachs much diſappointed in that Refreſhment they expected. Theſe Fruits ſo beautiful, ſo bluſhing to the Eye, afforded only a ſpongy Subſtance, or rather ſomething that had the Appearance of Subſtance, which did not at all aſſuage the Appetite, or at beſt afforded a ſlight Relief to Thirſt. The Trees correſponded exactly with the Fruit. A Sailor taking a ſpringing Leap, that he might climb the higher, the Body of the Tree ſnapt aſunder, and throwing him into the midſt of another, by that Time he reached the Ground it was likewiſe torn up by the Roots. The Admiral reſolved to loſe no Time in ſearching for freſh Water, and Proviſions of a more ſolid Nature; and putting himſelf at the head of Ten of his Squadron, who were in the beſt Health, boldly began his March into the Heart of the Country. The firſt Inhabitants that preſented themſelves to View were a Troop of Tygers. Theſe fierce Animals ſprung upon them before they were perceived, but their Claws and their Teeth were of a cartilaginous Subſtance, formed rather for Shew and Ornament than Inſtruments of Offence; ſo that if their Appearance at firſt creat-

ed Fear, it was quickly over. After about four Hours March through the Foreſt, our gallant Sailors entered into a Plain over-run with Buſhes, laden with Flowers and Fruit. From this Proſpect they were at a loſs to determine whether it was Winter or Summer in the Iſland. This Doubt however did not laſt long. If the *Fruit* they met with at the Bay was good for *little*, this new Purchaſe afforded no Exerciſe to their *Teeth*; but like the Phantoms raiſed by *Magicians*, preſented a *Form* to the *Eye*, under which *nothing* was to be diſcovered by the Taſte. The vegetable Soil having been exhauſted in the Summer by real Productions, that is, real with reſpect to this Country, this Soil I ſay, which contained without doubt abundance of Salt and Metallic Particles, exhibited in Winter *thoſe* Trees *of* Diana *and* Mars, *thoſe* Cluſters *of tempting* Grapes and other Fruits, which are produced in our Laboratories, by the Mixture of Mercury, Sal-Ammoniac, Filings of Metal, and Spirit of Nitre. The Birds came and pecked thoſe deluſive Vegetations, and ſeemed to be provoked at this *Quackery* of *Nature*; and yet they participated of the ſame kind of Deceit themſelves: Moſt Part of them were of the Size of our *Pheaſants*, and yet their Throats were of the ſame Dimenſion with thoſe of *Linnets*; and to be entertained with the Notes of the *Linnets* of this Iſland, required Organs of *Hearing* infinitely more delicate, than thoſe with which *Nature* furniſhes *European* Heads.

Advancing into the Plain they ſaw *Horſes* faſtened to Trees, Men toſſing about ſeveral Inſtruments, and Women who had each of them a Pair of *Bellows*, with which ſhe was blowing the Duſt. This you muſt know was their Manner of cultivating the Earth, if that could be called Earth which was as light as the fineſt Flour; the Wind of the Bellows dextrouſly applied by the female *Peaſant*, deſcribed the *Furrows* into which the Men ſcattered the *Seed*.

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At the Sight of our Strangers they all took Flight, and left nothing behind but their *Horſes*, which might have been of Uſe had they been ſtrong enough to ſupport a *Rider*. But alas! the firſt Attempt to mount cruſhed them to the Earth. In this Caſe there was no reſource but following theſe frighted Clowns on Foot. Their Habitation was not far off, the Alarm had ſpread and they appeared in a great Body to defend the Entrance of their Village, armed with Bows and Scythes. His Preſence of Mind never deſerted the Admiral; the Point he aimed at was Reconciliation, not Conqueſt. He halted therefore when they were within Bow-ſhot, and ordered his Men to *ground* their *Pieces*, and extend their Hands towards their Opponents. The Expreſſions taught by Nature are every where intelligible; the Women who formed the ſecond Line were inſtantly detached, and approached our Adventurers dancing. Hunger does not give a Man the *beſt Air*; they were however obliged to comply with the Mode of theſe Good-natured Females, who led them with the true *Minuet* Step up to their Huſbands.

They entered the Habitation, and having made their Wants known by their Signs, were furniſhed with Bread and Meat; but great was the Surprize of their Hoſts at ſeeing the ten Sailors quickly ſwallow more than would have ſerved Thirty of theſe Iſlanders. Yet themſelves were ſtill more amazed at finding their Stomachs almoſt as good as ever. The Bread very much reſembled our Wafers; the Fleſh was looſe, and almoſt without Conſiſtence, a Sheep equal in Size to ours did not weigh Ten-pounds. What approached neareſt to Reality was their Water. The Idea of Wine never occurred to theſe honeſt Tars, and yet it made a Part of their Entertainment. It was a kind of frothy Liquor, or, to ſpeak more exactly, it was nothing but Froth, which made a

very pretty Figure in the Glaſs and that was all. So many ſtrange Sights embarraſſed the Admiral not a little; but this was no Seaſon for phyſical Enquiries, the Buſineſs was to ſatisfy the Demands of Nature. In this Repaſt *Quantity* made amends for *Quality*, and at laſt they could not help owning that *they had dined*.

The Admiral did not wait the Digeſtion of this Meal, without contriving to get Food for his *Brethren* (an Expreſſion which with us is not allowed amongſt good Company, except to the Clergy, but muſt be admitted here, becauſe it is his own) but while he was endeavouring to make theſe humane Iſlanders underſtand what he meant, he was interrupted by two armed Men, who had not ſo obliging an Air as might be wiſhed. Theſe were a couple of *Land-Tax* Collectors: They dragged in with them a poor Peaſant, with a Bundle upon his Back; a young Woman followed, bathed all in Tears, for the Loſs of her Huſband, and their only Bed. The Officers gave her back a paltry Glaſs Necklace, upon which ſhe immediately wiped her Eyes, and fell a ſinging. This ſhort Diſturbance thus happily over, the Admiral repeated the Signs which he had begun to make: The Method he took was to range eleven ſmall Stones in a Line, and then pointing to his People, gave them to underſtand they ſtood for him and his Men. He placed behind theſe three hundred more, to expreſs the Crew of the Squadron which he had debarked, extending his Hand towards that Side of the Iſland where they had pitched their Tents, and his Meaning was perfectly comprehended. But from ſo ſmall a Hamlet as this, what Relief could be expected for ſuch a Number? An old Man took him inſtantly by the Hand, and conducting him to an Eminence at a ſmall Diſtance, ſhewed him from thence a Maritime City, which in Point of Size fell very little, if at all, ſhort of LONDON. He began his March towards it without Delay,

lay, and reached it in a very ſhort Time. A numerous Guard was poſted before the Gate, by whom he was obliged to ſtop.

It is a Law in the Capital of the Iſland of FRIVOLA never to admit any Stranger, without clear Proof of his being poſſeſſed of ſome *Talent* that may be ſtiled of *Uſe*; and of this the Governor himſelf is upon due Examination to judge: He ſpeedily made his Appearance, accompanied by a Troop of *Pantomimes*, attending conſtantly on his Perſon, to prevent his *Spirits* from being *exhauſted* by the *Fatigues* of *Buſineſs*.

Qui êtes-vous? (who are you?) cried he, looking upon him with an Air of Contempt: The Admiral was amazed to hear him ſpeak a Language he underſtood; and ſtill more that this Language was *French*. "We are Subjects of the Greateſt Monarch in *Europe*." There is no doubt, returned the Great Man, that this *Europe* of yours muſt be a very poor Place, ſince it is not the firſt Time that it has ſent hither Men but half clad, and that Cloathing none of the beſt. By the Brightneſs of the Empyreal Light, if my People were in ſuch a Trim I ſhould pay for it with the Loſs of my Place: But what is it you would have? "Only leave to enter in-"to your Port to refreſh and refit." Mighty well! and what are thoſe Talents which are to gain you Admittance into WITSBURGH? "I have on board, ſaid the Admiral, Ship-wrights who are able to "double the Velocity of a Veſſel's Motion by the Change of her "Figure." *At this they ſmiled.* "People that underſtand Mines, "and from whom the Earth cannot conceal even her remoteſt "Treaſures." *The Audience began to grin.* Surgeons who are "as well acquainted with the Inſide of a human Body, as you "are with its Surface." They burſt into a Horſe-laugh, and would hear no more.

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The Admiral recollecting himſelf a little, conceived, that in order to bring over theſe witty People, it would be neceſſary to mention ſuperior Talents, and ſcientific Excellencies of a more exalted Nature. It happened, that on board his Squadron he had ſome Men of Letters who had quitted all the Pleaſures of *London*, with a View to the general Good of Mankind, through the Diſcovery, in conſequence of their Obſervations, of the true Figure of the Earth, and thereby fixing the Longitudes. " Wiſe and " diſtinguiſhing Nation, ſaid he, I have alſo on board my Veſſel " *Geographers* who are as diſtinctly acquainted with this *Globe* of " *Earth*, as you are with your *City*; others ſo deeply ſkilled in " *Phyſics*, that Nature has ſcarce a *Secret* concealed from their " View; *Mathematicians*, who can meaſure, weigh, and num- " ber every *Part* of the *Creation*; nay, with reſpect to myſelf, " I who ſpeak to you, can without quitting the Spot on which I " ſtand, tell you by the Help of a certain Science we call *Tri-* " *gonometry*, the Heighth of yonder Tower, tho' it be two Miles " diſtant". As they were tired with laughing, a ſilent Scorn ſucceeded. The Governor turned his Back, and the Barrier was on the very Point of falling down, when an arch Fellow in the Crowd cried out, in broken *Engliſh*, *Harkee, my Lord, not a Word more of theſe* wonderful Qualifications, *which I promiſe you will never open a* Poſtern *in this Country. I firſt made my Way into the* City, *and have ſince made a* Fortune *by* SINGING. The Admiral took the Hint. " *Moſt noble Governor*, cried he, *illuſtrious* " *Genius even in this Realm of* Wits! *how came I to omit telling* " *you, that our Nation excells in* Dancing, Muſic, and Cookery?" At theſe Words the Governor faced about, and his Attendants clapped. Maſter *Richard Walter*, Parſon of the *Centurion*, a Man of *Mirth* as well as *Merit*, and who upon occaſion could *play* as well

well as *preach*, whipped out of his Side-pocket a *German* Flute, an Inſtrument never heard in FRIVOLAND before, and applied it to his Mouth; upon which the Sailors and the Admiral himſelf (who ever did the very Thing he ought) began a HORNPIPE, which threw all the faſhionable Dances in WITSBURGH into Oblivion for a Month. If this gallant City, like the *Egyptian* THEBES, had been adorned with an *hundred* Gates, they had been all thrown open at once. The Guards at the Barrier, however, ſtopped their joyous Entry for a few Minutes, in order to ſearch the Strangers, and prevent their carrying any thing in without paying the *proper Duty*. The ſole Stroke of their Authority lighted on this Occaſion upon the Admiral's Pocket-caſe of *Mathematical Inſtruments*, which being different in Size from thoſe uſed in the Iſland, was confiſcated for the *preſent*.

The Governor at length began the March with his Attendants, and our *Engliſh* followed in the Rear. They little expected to meet on the Road, what however ſaluted their Eyes at every Turn, gay *Equipages* rolling along, that would not have been thought deſpicable in the Streets of *Paris*, or of *London*. Their Rout terminated at an immenſe Palace. It was that of the Emperor. There were no fewer than *twelve* large *Courts* to paſs before Sight was gained of his Apartments. Theſe Courts were ſurrounded with Buildings and Shops. There, beſides the Officers of the *Imperial* Houſhold, were lodged *ten* of the moſt diſtinguiſhed in thoſe *Trades*, which were held indiſpenſibly neceſſary in a *well-governed* State. Theſe were Embroiderers, Varniſhers, Toymen, Perfumers, Bauble-makers, Workers in Glaſs, Confectioners in Figure-work, incorporated by the Title of Compoſers of high finiſhed Deſarts, Inventors and Comptrollers of Faſhions, Painters of Machines, who tricked out all the fine

Equipages in the City, Dancing Maſters, and Romance Writers, each of whom was under *Articles* to furniſh a *new* Volume of *Falſhood* every *Week*.

At length the *Emperor's* Apartments were reached. His *Supreme Elegance*, for that is the Imperial Title, was deliberating with his Miniſters on a *Propoſition* that kept the whole City in Suſpence. The Point under Conſideration was this: Whether the worſhipful Company of *Fan-makers* ſhould be received into the exterior Courts of the Palace or not? The Debates were become very warm; but however, it was thought proper to ſuſpend them for a Moment in order to give Audience to the *Strangers* who were introduced. The Imperial Council expected freſh Proofs of thoſe *Talents* concerning which the Governor had already made his *Report*. Honeſt Parſon *Walter* with his *Pipe*, and his merry Troop with their *Heels*, ſtrove, one and all, to *out-do* their own *Out-doings*. The Council very judiciouſly obſerved, that with reſpect to *piping* and *ſkipping*, there was *Evidence* ſufficient, but for the more important Article of *Cookery*, they had no Proof of that, beyond the ſtrange Gentleman's *bare Word*. It fell out very luckily, that the Admiral's *Cook* made one in the Detachment, with whoſe Aſſiſtance a *quinteſſential Pudding* was made upon the Spot. The Monarch and his Miniſters had no ſooner taſted it, than they ordered a *Signal* to be made for admitting the little *Fleet*; which accordingly the next Morning entered the *Port*. It was indeed high Time, for *Hunger* and *Diſeaſe* had been ſo buſy, that no leſs than *ten* honeſt Fellows had been thrown over board in the Night.

There are very few Nations more *officious* or more *obſequious* than the Inhabitants of the Capital of FRIVOLAND, provided always that they are *well paid*. They carried the poor Strangers

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Refreſhments of every kind; but when they came to ſtrike a *Bargain*, all things were off the Hinges; Gold and Silver had as yet no Value in *Frivoland*. Their Money was made of a ſort of Stone; and their *Pieces* were from their Materials called *Agatines*: In ſhort ſuch a ſtrange *Race* are Men! a Box of Agate *Counters* had been a *Rouleau* there; and they would have ſet up their *Games* with *Guineas*. With theſe People, upon whom *Wealth* made no Impreſſion, the old natural Method of *Barter* was the only Expedient left: Merchantmen would have been leſs embarraſſed in this Situation, but the Admiral's Prudence was never at a Loſs; he bethought himſelf that they had ſome *Pieces* of *Lace* and *Ribbons* aboard. He cauſed a kind of Stage to be erected, and in the firſt Place expoſed the *Ribbons*: It was with great Satisfaction he ſaw Joy dance in their Eyes; but as Computation was a thing extreamly neceſſary in their Situation, he directed a *ſingle Yard* to be cut off that he might judge from thence how far things would go. This was no ſooner tendered than a *Baker* toſſed *down*, I ſhould rather ſay *up*, twenty large Loaves; the *Butcher*, the *Paſtry-Cook*, the *Wine-Merchant*, the *Diſtiller*, elbowed one another to get near the Stage, ſo that it was quickly a clear Caſe that *ten* or *twelve* Yards of Ribbon would feed the Squadron for a Day. According to this Proportion the Admiral calculated his whole Stock of *Ribbons* would furniſh them with *Proviſions* for about a *Month*.

As it drew towards Noon he received Intelligence that the *Emperor* was reſolved to viſit the *Fleet* that very Day. As he remembered perfectly well the Reflections the *Governor* had made upon their *Cloaths*, he gave Orders that every Man ſhould put on his *beſt Apparel*, and that too in the *beſt Manner*; after which all that were able to ſtand, were put under *Arms*, and ranged in two *Lines* leading to the *Centurion*. The Monarch no ſooner approached

than he began to look out for the Admiral, and had much ado to diſtinguiſh him, as he had ſeen him only in an *Undreſs* the Evening before, which tho' it might look well on *board* a *Ship*, made but an ill Figure in a *Drawing Room*. The firſt thing he did was to handle his *Hair*, the *Curls* of which he examined with ſingular Attention, and obſerved to the great Lords about him, that as yet none in their Country had arrived at the Art of giving their Locks ſo *eaſy* and *graceful* a Fall. The Captain of the *Glouceſter* ſtruck them however with another kind of Surprize; the Empreſs handled his Fore-top a little too *briſkly*, which being a *Peruke*, came off, at which her Majeſty ſcreamed aloud, ſuppoſing ſhe had *ſlead* poor *Mitchell*'s Skull. Theſe trifling Incidents as they may appear to a vulgar Underſtanding, were the Source, as ſhall be hereafter explained, of Conſequences very important.

The Emperor continued his March. At the firſt Sight of the Ships he pronounced them monſtrous and diſpleaſing to the Sight. He pointed, by way of *Contraſt*, to his own *Marine*, which were laid up on the other Side of the Port, compoſed of a great many *Shallops*, or *Pleaſure-Boats*, wrought in a Diverſity of elegant *Figures*; their Poops inlaid with *Mother* of *Pearl*, Purple Sails, and Cables made of Silk. However, he went on board the *Centurion*. As Muſkets, Cannon, Bombs, Bullets, were Things theſe People had never ſeen before, they juſt glanced their Eyes over, without aſking ſo much as a ſingle Queſtion. The Admiral was not at all diſpleaſed; he did not know how long he might continue in their Favour, and at all Events he was deſirous of having it in his Power to keep thoſe *Iſlanders* within due Bounds, by Dint of Surprize, as well as through the *Effects* of his *Artillery*: However, he choſe to adminiſter ſome *Food* to their *Curioſity*, he explained to them the *Shape*, and the Manner of *working* his *Veſſels*, the

Pumps

Pumps and the *Capſterns*; at which the Monarch gaped like a great *Oaf*, and his *Miniſters* were too *polite* not to make as *fooliſh* a Figure. The Admiral finiſhed his Diſcourſe with the *Compaſs*. " The Country, ſaid he, from which we come, is more than " *ſix thouſand* Leagues from *hence*, and yet this ſmall trembling " *Piece* of Iron ſufficed to *conduct* us hither". He thence took Occaſion to diſcourſe in general Terms of the Nature of *Magnetiſm*, and to ſhew the Correſpondence of the *Poles* of the *Needle* with thoſe of the *Earth*.

He very quickly perceived, that tho' his Audience were *deaf*, they were not *blind*. The Eyes of the Empreſs ſtrayed by Chance into the Cheſt of *Ribbons*, which was left open, ſhe immediately ſeized a large Piece with the utmoſt Eagerneſs, and thereby afforded the Admiral an Opportunity of making his *Court*, by ſurrendering the whole *Magazine*. The Emperor diſtributed a few ſmall *Rolls* among his Courtiers, kept the reſt to himſelf, and could not help asking, if they had given them all? " I had " a great many more in the Morning, replied the Admiral, but I " exchanged them for *Victuals*, for we had no other *Commodity* " with which your Subjects would be ſatisfied". *Nor ſhall they be ſatisfied with theſe long*, ſaid the Monarch, *but as to that ſet your Mind at Reſt*. Upon this he immediately ordered the Lord High Treaſurer to pay the Admiral ten thouſand *Agatines*, which was ſufficient for a Month's Proviſions for the whole Squadron. The next Morning out came a *Proclamation*, requiring all ſuch as had been paid in *Ribbons*, to bring them inſtantly to the *Board* of *Faſhions*; and at the ſame time an Order was ſent to that Board to *analyſe* a *Ribbon*, that is, to *pick* it into *Threads*, in order to diſcover its Compoſition, by which they might be enabled to ſet up a *Manufacture*.

The Admiral was now pretty much at Eaſe in reſpect to Proviſions, but remained ſtill at a Loſs about careening, for which *Timber* was abſolutely neceſſary. All he had hitherto ſeen in the Iſland wanted Toughneſs and Subſtance to render it fit for Uſe. He was upon Enquiry informed, that there was a Foreſt at about the Diſtance of ten Leagues, which from the peculiar Nature of the Soil, produced the ſame Kind of *Timber* that grew in other Parts of the World. He was on the very Point of ſetting out, for he would truſt Nobody's Eyes but his own, when he received an *Imperial* Mandate, requiring him to come and curl the *Royal Family*'s Hair. With this Order he was exceſſively embarraſſed; at length, however, he flattered himſelf he had hit upon a proper Expedient, which was to carry the three *Valet de Chambre* Barbers they had on board, no mean Proficients in their Trade, as every one of them had been at *Paris*. The Names of theſe worthy Perſonages were *James Quick*, *Thomas Ball*, and *George Shaver*, which the Admiral thought fit to record, on account of the eminent *Poſts* to which they arrived. He took with him Colonel *Cracherode*, who commanded the Land-Forces, and the two Captains *Mitchel* and *Saunders*. It is out of Doubt, that they had not the leaſt Suſpicion that they ſhould be expected to take a Share in the *manual* Operation. In this, however, they were miſtaken, for they no ſooner came into the Preſence, than the Emperor tendered his *Head* to the *Admiral*: The Empreſs *projected* hers with the *Hair* hanging over her *Ears* to the *Colonel*, and two young Princes, the hopeful *Props* of the Imperial *Throne*, were for putting their *Coxcombs* under the Care of the *Captains*. The Admiral excuſed himſelf and his Officers, by acknowledging, that tho' they perfectly underſtood the *Theory* of this Art, yet they were abſolutely deficient in regard to the *Practice*. During this Scene there was a

Courtier,

Courtier, who laughed moſt *maliciouſly*, and the Admiral was ſenſible of a kind of *innate Antipathy* to him, even before he was provoked by his *Grinning*.

The three *Valet de Chambres* entered now upon their arduous Functions; and as the Buſineſs was going on, it came into the Monarch's Head to aſk the Admiral of what *European* Nation he was? *Of the Firſt*, returned he. *You are then a Frenchman*, replied the laughing Courtier: This did not pleaſe the Admiral at all, who in avowing himſelf to be an *Engliſhman*, thought he had ſupported his *Propoſition* effectually; but the Courtier ſtuck to his *Conſequence* notwithſtanding. The Diſpute grew warm, while in the mean Time the *Grand Affair* was finiſhed, and the Royal *Heads* adorned to the no ſmall Glory of the *Artizans*; for whom Lodgings were immediately aſſigned in the *twelfth* Court of the Palace. They were the *Favourites* of the *Day*; as for their Maſters they were now conſidered with much Indifference: The Eſteem that had been conceived of them being greatly leſſened by ſo remarkable a Detection of their Ignorance.

The Admiral returning to the Squadron, could not help reflecting with ſome Degree of Chagrin upon this unlucky Adventure: The Coldneſs ſhewn at their Departure; the Behaviour of the Courtier, who eſpouſed the Cauſe of *France*; the *French* Language ſpoken at Court, all ran ſtrongly in his Head.—" Are there, ſaid " he ſtarting, *Frenchmen* in the Iſland, or have there been any here? " But how can that be poſſible without our knowing any thing of " it in *Europe?* If any are here is it impoſſible for us to be well " with them?" *Incertainty* is a kind of *Rack* few Conſtitutions can bear. He determined to viſit the *Courtier* that had given him Offence; if *French* are here, thought he, this muſt be *one*.

The Courtier after diverting himſelf a little at his Expence, condeſcended to draw aſide the Veil, which he performed in the following Relation.

" I was at *Paris* in 1719, when the World was poſſeſſed with " a Madneſs of bartering *Gold* for *Paper*, I did not however follow " the Faſhion, for to tell you the Truth, at that Time I had no " *Gold* : But by buſying myſelf in procuring *Paper* for thoſe who " were ſo very fond of it, I picked up a *little* of that *precious Me-* " *tal* for myſelf. I was young, in the midſt of a City full of Ex- " pence and Pleaſure ; and therefore it will appear no Wonder " that I *diſſipated* as faſt as I *acquired* : At length I found nothing " left but *Paſſions*, which it was out of my Power to gratify, with " this additional Mortification, that having ſpent my *Money*, I had " no longer any Pretenſions to *Merit*. In this ſad Situation, a " Thought came into my Head of fetching a Cargo from *Peru* : " I communicated this Notion to my Friends, and they liked it ſo " well that they would needs turn it to their *own Uſe*. Want be- " ing at that Time an extenſive as well as a prevailing *Motive*, " our Colony multiplied inſenſibly, ſo that we were about One- " hundred and Sixty when we embarked at *Rochelle* for *Porto-* " *Bello*.

" Our Navigation was proſperous enough at the Beginning, but " a Storm, which though violent, was of a long Continuance, drove us " upon the Coaſt of *Brazil*: *Porto-Bello* was now out of the Queſ- " tion. The Captain, deſirous of availing himſelf even of this un- " toward Accident, formed a bold Deſign of proceeding to *Lima*, " in hopes of bringing his Cargo to an advantageous Market : We " accordingly doubled the moſt Southern Cape of *America*, in paſ- " ſing the Streights of *le Maire*, and it was at the coming out of " thoſe Streights that we were ſaluted with ſuch a Mixture of

" *Winds* ;

" *Winds*; and thoſe too ſo high, that we apprehended every Mo-
" ment would be our laſt. This outragious Tempeſt, which if it
" *ſubſided* for a *little*, blew ſoon after as if it had been only ga-
" thering *Breath*, kept us long toſſing from one *Abyſs* to *another*."

" At length, on the *twentieth* Day, as we were thoroughly per-
" ſuaded that there was not a Foot of Land in that *Parallel* of
" *Latitude* on which we ſailed, when through the *Gloom* of the
" tempeſtuous Sky we had a Glimpſe of this *unknown World*, we
" could ſcarce believe our Eyes. Was this, thought we, the *Peru*,
" which while we were ſeeking came to offer *itſelf* to our View? It
" was a Queſtion we could not then reſolve; but whether it was or
" not, we plainly ſaw it was *Land*. The firſt thing that preſented
" itſelf to our Eyes was a lofty *Rock*, upon which ſome of us mount-
" ed as well as we could, in order to diſcover what ſort of a Country
" it was upon which we were thrown: We had no ſooner reached
" the *Summit*, than our *Veſſel*, which was directly under us, burſt
" from her *Anchor*, and by a ſudden Squal ſweeping from the
" Mountains, was carried out of our Sight for ever. In all human
" Probability the *Captain* and the *Mariners* found a *Cure* for all
" the *Ills* they endured in the broad *Bottom* of the *Ocean*. We wan-
" dered about from Town to Town, with no higher Projects in our
" Heads than *how to live*: At length it came into our Minds to
" make the beſt of our Way to the *Capital*. Great Cities are moſt
" fruitful in Reſources. We were indeed at the Diſtance of *Two-
" hundred Leagues*. What Pains, what Fatigues muſt ſuch a
" Journey coſt! No Matter, we had not been long here, before
" we admitted that the *Account* was clear.

" The *Frivolians* perceived how neceſſary we were to them;
" they were preciſely in that critical Diſpoſition of Mind, which
" every Nation muſt *feel*, when inclined to throw off *Barbarity*.

" As yet they had no *Luſtres*, no *Sofa's*, no *Baubles* of any " Kind; nay they were to ſuch a Degree *untutored*, that the Women " wore *no Faces* but their *own*. Yet they had begun to multiply " their *Windows*, to enlarge their *Vehicles*, to cut their *Stones* Brilli- " ant-wiſe; and the Women when they were about treading the " *Stage*, took a reaſonable Proportion of a *certain Elixir*, which " by quickening the Circulation of the Blood, gave an agreeable " *Grimſon* to the *Complexion*. The Science of the *Kitchen*, the *Orna-* " *ments* of the *Table*, the Witchcraft of *Dreſs*, the Elegance of " *Furniture*, Variety of *Equipages*, and rich *Embroidery*, were juſt " ſketched out: They had no Notion of *Faſhions*, but they had juſt " Senſe enough to perceive that no Woman of any *Spirit* could " wear the ſame Gown a *whole Seaſon*, or ſuffer her *Cloaths*, like " her *Noſe*, to be always in the *ſame Shape*.

" Their *Manners* alſo began to work themſelves out of that " *Rudeneſs*, in which they had ſo long continued. The ſtudied *Air*, " Looks *put on* with Art, *Complements*, the faſhionable *Tone* in " Speaking, the *Vapours*, Nectar and Ambroſia *Suppers*, Extra- " vagance of *Fancy*, *Friendſhip* in Words, *Amours* of a Day, all " theſe Flowers of *Urbanity* were in the very *Bud*, and only want- " ed the Warmth of the enlivening *Sun*, to call them out to *View*. " Huſbands indeed were not as yet ſenſible of the *Ridicule* of *lov-* " *ing* their *Wives*; but they had made a Step towards it, for they " begun to think them *troubleſome*. The Women too had not aban- " doned all the Cares of a Family for thoſe of the Toilet; and " yet ſomething whiſpered them within, that they were *born* to " be *agreeable*, to *ſhine*, and to be *admired*. There were then a " *few*, and *but* a *few* Lords, who had the Courage to ſpend *beyond* " their *Income*; but within a ſmall Number of Years, the *Nobility* " of *Spirit* are prodigiouſly increaſed. At that Time of Day the

" *Frivolians*

" could not be ſaid to have *Taſte*, they had only, pardon my playing " with Words, a kind of *Taſte* for *Taſte*.

" But notwithſtanding this happy Diſpoſition, your *Lordſhip* " cannot conceive what *Pains* it coſts to form a Nation!"

At theſe Words the Admiral began to bend his Brow a little, and aſſuming a ſerious Air, ſpoke of *Laws*, *Virtue*, *Sciences*, and *uſeful Arts*, as the only Means for effecting ſo great, ſo glorious a Purpoſe.

" Excellent indeed, you would have us degrade theſe People " again, to Night-Cap, Gown and Slippers! all the pretty Arts that " ſerve to delight the *Eyes*, embelliſh the *Paſſions*, and take off the " too ſtrict *Rein* of *Reaſon*; we may affirm they *owe* to *Us*. It is we " who have taught them to ſet a *Poliſh* to their *Vices*, and by their " adopting our *Language*, they have given a free Scope to *Wit*. " Moſt fortunately for us, at our Departure from *France*, every Man " had compleated his *Pocket-Library*; how elſe could we have " conſumed our *Time* on Ship-board? And all were Books in " *Taſte*. Delicious *Romances*, *Comedies* overflowing with *Satyric* " Wit, *Tragedies* full of Gallantry, and *Operas* fraught with melt- " ing Love. You can hardly conceive with how much Sagacity " they have imitated all theſe *Graces*. We reckon at this Day " about *Six-hundred Poets*, and *Two-thouſand* Dealers in *Romance*. " There Sir, judge for yourſelf, read that *Comedy*, written by one " of the *Grandees* of the Court; and that *Romance*, the Offspring " of a Magiſtrate's fertile Brain.

" To tell you the plain Truth, the *Colony* has not been em- " ployed wholly for *their* Benefit, they have likewiſe done a little " for *themſelves*. We have all worked ourſelves into the *Manage-* " *ment* of the *State*, but more eſpecially myſelf, in whoſe Favour " there has been created a new *Office* of the *Crown*. You will permit

" me

" me to ſay, that the Perſon with whom you converſe, is the " *Comptroller-General* of the *Faſhions*. A Place which, tho' it has " many fair *Flowers*, yet is not without its *Thorns*. Amongſt theſe " People, a *Mode* wears out in a Fortnight: It requires more than " a *French* Genius to be furniſhing for ever. Alas, if Fate had not " deprived us of our Ship, —— it was freighted with all thoſe " *Superfluities* of *France*, that are ſo *neceſſary* here: What exquiſite " *Models* for this great City! That *Ribbon* which has done you " *ſo much Honour*, would have been long ago out of Date. It is " impoſſible to do *all Things* at a Time. It will require whole " Ages to equal *Paris*. A vaſt Progreſs no Doubt has been made " towards Perfection ſince our Departure. I perceived as all the " World did a quite new Taſte in that *Friſure*, which it was " your good Fortune to introduce.

" But my dear Lord weigh well what I am going to ſay. It is " either your *Deſign* to eſtabliſh yourſelf in this Country, or it is " not. If it is not, what End will it anſwer for you to acquire " Conſideration, by diſplaying *Novelties* here? If it is, take Care " from this Moment, to bring out *none* without my *Conſent*. You " have borrowed them all from *France*; own that fairly and like " a *Man* of *Honour*, render us this juſt *Homage*, otherwiſe Woe " be to you: You ſhall *feel* that our *Credit* is *Great*."

So far from remaining here, replied the Admiral, that I offer you with great Pleaſure, to carry you back to your Country, for which without doubt you feel the moſt poignant Regret.

" That we have regretted it is true, replied the *Grand-Comptrol-* " *ler*; we were at our firſt Arrival afraid we ſhould not be able to " ſubſiſt upon the *Aliments* of this Country, and our Apprehenſions " augmented for a long Time; but after a few Years, we per- " ceived that our Fleſh rarefied, our Fluids ſubtilized, and that a " great Part of our Subſtance was diſſipated."

As

As he pronounced these Words, he first *flourished* his *Heels*, and then cutting a *Caper*, touched with his *Toes* a *Lustre* that hung near the *Ceiling* of a very *lofty* Room: When he came down, and had fixed himself once more upon his *Pedestals*, he concluded thus.

" Can you believe it, I do not absolutely at present weigh above " *Fifty* Pounds. The Children we had immediately after our " *Transmigration*, we durst not so much as touch: Those pretty " *Machines*, inherited from their Mother, Springs so extreamly de- " licate, that they would have been crushed by the Remains of " that *European* Robustness, of which we were even then possessed. " But insensibly through Length of Time, our *Constitutions* have " acquired so just a Proportion with those of the Natives of the " *Island*, that we live happy amongst a People, who may boast of " the most *rosy* Imaginations with which *Mortals* were ever blessed."

The Admiral's Thoughts had at that Instant a kind of *Wainscot* Complexion. As they were perfectly intent on the *Timber* that was to be fetched from the *Forest*, he went thither, soon after made his Survey, and returned perfectly well satisfied: However there was no lifting an *Ax* without a Royal *Order*. He demanded an Audience, which was refused him; he might perhaps have obtained it through the Interest of the *Comptroller-General*, but as yet a reciprocal Confidence was not established. He applied himself to other Favourites; but not one of them durst carry his Demand to the Foot of the Throne. When a Favour is wanted, one must have recourse to the ordinary Forms: He presented to the Prime Minister a Memorial in Writing. All Petitions capable of giving the Monarch the least *Distaste*, were in this Country *suppressed*. His met with that Fate among the rest. In his return through the Anti-Chambers, with a thoughtful Air, he was stopped by a

Lord, who was a kind of *Philoſopher*, one who through his ſingular way of Thinking, had loſt the Power of riſing at Court; but was ſtill ſuffered there out of reſpect to his high Birth. He queſtioned the Admiral on the Situation, Government, Marine, and Commerce of *England*. The Admiral was extremely ſurprized at the Solidity of theſe Queſtions, the firſt of their Kind that had been propoſed to him in that Place. After having anſwered them to his Satisfaction, he told him frankly the Subject of his Chagrin. "You ſtumble at Noon-Day, replied that Lord; have you not "given the Emperor three of the moſt important Perſons about "him, more eſpecially *Quick*, who has his Royal Head every "Day at his Diſpoſal? You ſearch at a Diſtance, for what is in "your own Hands." Saying this he turned upon his Heel and ſtalked off.

In all Probability his *Engliſh* Stomach muſt have recoiled a little at this Method of Application; but the Admiral had a Maxim which ſerved as a Cordial upon ſuch Occaſions, *That there can be nothing mean which the* Service *of our* Country *requires*. He went immediately therefore to find out his old Valet de Chambre *Quick*, to whom from Cuſtom he ſpoke in the Old-Stile of a *Maſter*; but *Quick* gave him to underſtand that he was no longer to be conſidered in that *Light*. The Admiral then ſoftened the Tone of his Voice, and that his Oratory might make the greater Impreſſion, concluded a very *pathetick Period*, with the Preſent of his *Gold Snuffbox*. *Quick* promiſed like a *Courtier*, but kept his Word like *another kind* of *Man*: In three Days Time, he brought him the Order ſigned; but Difficulties will ſometimes occur, when one thinks they are all over. Juſt as they were going to cut down a Tree, the *Surveyor* of the Emperor's *Woods*, pointed out another no way fit for the Purpoſe. The Admiral ſhewed him his *Order*,

and

and was for ſticking to the *Letter*; the Surveyor maintained that he was to be guided by the *Spirit*: Two-thouſand *Agatines* dextrouſly applied, reconciled theſe jarring Opinions, and the Foreſt *fell* on every Side. As every Thing was now in a fair Train the Admiral was at Liberty to *look about him*, and to ſpeculate a little upon this extraordinary *Iſland*.

It is ſituated in *Forty-five* Degrees *Eight* Minutes of *South* Latitude, and in the *Longitude* of *Two-hundred* and *Twenty* Degrees *ſeventen* Minutes, reckoning from the Meridian of *Teneriff*. It is pretty much elevated above the Level of the Sea; and is in a Manner ſurrounded by high Mountains, that protect it from the Fury of the Winds. The Air which the Inhabitants breath invites to *Pleaſure* by its Sweetneſs, and cauſes a quick Circulation of the *Blood* by its *Subtility*: It is about *Six-hundred* Leagues in Diameter. There are three great Nations on a Continent, lying *Weſt*, which are ſeparated from it only by an *Arm* of the *Sea*: Taking theſe all together, they make a kind of *World* by itſelf. The Admiral ſpeaks of the *Iſland* only, and that but *ſuperficially* as wanting Time to make thoſe Diſcoveries that were neceſſary to render his Deſcription *perfect*.

I perceived, ſaid he, many *Phænomena* here unknown elſewhere. The *Earth* was light as the fineſt *Flour*, the *Trees* without Solidity, the *Fruits* formed rather to gratify the *Palate*, than the *Stomach*; others again, the mere Effects of Nature's *Chymiſtry*, ſerved only to delight the *Eye*; the *Wine* without Strength, the *Fleſh* without *Subſtance*, and the *Animals* without either the *Weight* or *Strength*, proportionable to their Size. In ſhort one ſaw every where rather the *Image* of *Nature*, than Nature herſelf. Theſe Things could not but perplex him; for ſtrange as they were, they muſt have a *Cauſe*, and this *Cauſe* was what he laboured to find. Theſe *Engliſh*

liſh Admirals are really very *ſtrange Fellows!* I firmly *believe*, becauſe every Body in this Country *ſays ſo*, that at the *Head* of a *Fleet* they are not to be *compared* with Us: But what then? They have the Vanity to diſtinguiſh themſelves by their Skill in Phyſic, Geometry, Aſtronomy; and I know not how many other Sciences beſides. Strange Fellows to be ſure! This of whom we are ſpeaking *weighed* the *Air*, analized the conſtituent Particles of the *Soil*, examined the *Sulphurs*, the *Salts*, the *Oils*, the *Juices*, from whence the *Vegetables* were produced, that he might more thoroughly underſtand the *Texture* of the *Fleſh* of thoſe *Animals*, that were *nouriſhed* by them: Like a true *Engliſhman*, he was for *penetrating* to the *Bottom* of every Thing. Mighty well! Let him dig and delve by himſelf, while we *divert* ourſelves with that *Sketch*, which he has given us of the *Capital* of this Iſland.

The City of WITSBURGH is about the ſame Size with *London*. The Number of the Inhabitants is thought to be about a *Million*. It might very eaſily hold *Two*, if it was not every where interſperſed with Gardens, and very *large Buildings* within the *Walls* of which, they forget the *Precept* of *Nature*, "increaſe and mul-"tiply." They take as little Care of themſelves as of *Poſterity*, for they *do nothing*. The ſole Employment of thoſe who inhabit theſe ſpacious Dwellings, is, or at leaſt ſhould be, to *pray* for thoſe who *Work* to keep them in *Idleneſs*.

The City has a fine River that runs through it. Upon this they have ſeveral *Bridges*, and are better pleaſed to ſee ranged on each Side certain ſpacious *Magazines* of *Luxury*, than to recreate their Eyes with the extended *Proſpect* of ſo beautiful a *Canal*.

It is highly probable, ſays our Admiral, that before the Arrival of the *French*, there might have been an Age in which the *Frivolians* ſtrove to emerge from their *Barbariſm*, but it is alſo very likely,

likely, that thoſe who endeavoured to *draw* them out of that *Situation*, were not of the ſame Humour with the *Bulk* of the *Nation*. They planted *Avenues*, they conſtructed *triumphal Arches*, they began to erect *Keys* along the River Side; they laid out *fine Squares*; they deſign'd *public Fountains*; they raiſed handſome *Structures*, in which were taught the Principles of *Virtue* and the *Sciences*. However indefatigable, they could not do *all Things*; ſome they left *unfiniſhed*, and juſt as they *left* them theſe *remain*.

Amongſt many *Monuments* of their *Architecture*, which are ſtill ſubſiſting, there is one truly amazing from its *Compoſition*, and the *Harmony*, *Boldneſs*, and *Grandeur* of its ſeveral Parts. It is a *Palace* which the *Frivolians* would behold with Pleaſure, if it was barely *pretty*; but as it is wonderfully *fine*, they have contrived to *block it up* on every Side, and though it was deſigned for the Reſidence of their *Sovereign*, it is to this Day without a *Roof*. There are ſtill ſhewn as the Relicks of that ſerious Age, *Pictures*, *Statues*, *Poems*, and *Pieces* of *Eloquence*, in which too much Regard is paid to *Nature* for them to pleaſe long. Thoſe in Years perhaps, unſeduced by *Novelty*, admire ſtill theſe *Maſter-pieces*; but the riſing *Generation* are altogether taken up with *Baubles* of every ſort, elegant *Cabinets* and gawdy *Equipages* that ſtrike the Eyes with Wonder.

There are very few *Cities* in the World where *Mechanic* Arts have been more encouraged. Their *Artiſts* have made great uſe of the *Leſſons* given them by the *French* Colony, indeed *too much* Uſe, for they have puſhed every thing beyond its *proper Bounds*. To content the *Humour* of the *Nation*, they have exhauſted their *Skill* in *precious Triſles*, in a Hundred little paltry *Pieces* of *Furniture*, and in a Thouſand worthleſs *Gimcracks*, that are the *Wear* of a *Day*. Their *Manufactures* ſupply them with a kind of *ſlimſey Rags*, that are *wore out* as ſoon as they are *put on*. An honeſt

Workman who would furniſh them with *good Things* only might *ſtarve* for his *Pains*.

There are likewiſe very few Cities in which the *finer Arts* have been carried to ſo great a *Height*, but where they are now become rather *Pretty* than *Noble*: In *Painting* for inſtance, they neglect *Force* and *Expreſſion*, for the ſake of beautiful *Colouring*. Above all they are delighted with thoſe exquiſite *Pieces* of *Miniature*, with which they *decorate* the moſt charming *little Boxes* in the whole World. Thoſe high finiſhed *Pieces*, which their *Pencils* formerly produced, are gradually carried away by a *neighbouring Nation*, whoſe Eyes are not yet taken with the new faſhioned *Graces*. As to their *Poetry*, the *Enthuſiaſm* of their *Tragedies*, is no longer calculated to excite *Terror* and *Pity*, or to inſpire thoſe *Savage Virtues*, to which *Societies* have owed their *Preſervation*. No, no, their Tragic *Muſe* is a *Coquet*, who pleaſes herſelf with the Luſtre of her *fine Robes*, and is proud of the *Gallantry* of her Expreſſions; if ſhe is *troubled*, it is becauſe ſhe takes a *Pleaſure* in being in the *Vapours*, and ſhe *Weeps* that ſhe may *Laugh*. Their *Eloquence* is not the boiſterous *Torrent* that bears down all before it, but a fine Silver *Stream*, that runs murmuring through the Flowers. As for *Hiſtory* that only pleaſes which from its *Habit* you would take for *Romance*.

The Admiral makes here a *Reflection*. We need not wonder at that, for he is full of them. He had no Notion of Writing for *us*, his *own* Nation occupied all his Thoughts. He is of Opinion that amongſt the *Frivolians*, their *Women* have given the preſent *Turn* to all their *Arts*. They have ſtudied to *pleaſe* them by thoſe Methods in which they *pleaſe*, that is by little whimſical *Airs*, falſe *Colours*, and factitious *Graces*.

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The *Sciences* alſo have begun to take the ſame *Train* : As yet however, they have not *entirely* ſucceeded. *Parts* always get the *better* of *them*. Colonel *Crachrode* went to hear a funeral *Oration* : It was that of a celebrated *Performer*, exquiſite in all the *Powers* of *Harmony*. The *Orator* having diſcharged a whole Peal of *Antitheſes*, declared him ſuperior to the greateſt *Philoſopher* of the *Iſland*. The next Morning Captain *Saunders* went to pay a Viſit to an eminent *Stateſman*, who had made an *immenſe Fortune* by taking *Care* of the *public Concerns* of a great *Province*. There he ſaw a *Dancing-Maſter*, who was intreated to make the *Heir* of the *Family* as *fine* a *Gentleman* as *himſelf*. A very handſome *Salary* was offered him. *What do you take me for ?* ſaid the *Man* of *Parts*; *you would have ſcarce offered ſo little for his going through a Courſe of* Experimental Philoſophy. Round he whiſked upon his *Heel*, and away he went without ſo much as a parting *Bow*. Another *Man* of *Parts* preſently appeared, a ſtout ſtrapping Fellow, he was with a *Whip* in his *Hand*. *I believe you will do very well for me*, ſaid the *Lord*, after having ſurveyed his *Size* and his *Shape*, *what do you ſay, will* two hundred *Agatines content you ?* Two hundred Agatines, *replied the Coachman*, content me ! who you expect ſhould credit your *Chariot*, and take care of your *Horſes*; pr'ythee keep them for the miſerable *Pedant* that *flogs* your *Son* into the Knowledge of *Latin*.

The *Frivolians* call every Thing *miſerable* that other People ſtile *ſerious*. They omit nothing that can contribute to *Diverſion*. They allow, however, that it is fit to *read*, but then they muſt have *Books* that will *amuſe* without putting Folks to the *Trouble* of *thinking*. At this Juncture moſt of their *Authors* are gone into the *faſhionable* Way. The Admiral had the Charity to beſtow a *liberal Alms* upon a poor *unhappy Fellow*, that had got the Charac-

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ter of a *Blockhead*, by writing an excellent Book on the *Duties* of a PATRIOT PRINCE.

They have numberleſs *Courts* of *Juſtice*, but their ſupreme *Tribunal* diſpenſes its Decrees in the very ſame Place where they are ſelling *Romances* on *one* Side, and all Sorts of *Frippery* on the *other*. On the *Bench* of *Judges* you ſee *Faces* diſtinguiſhed by *Bloom* inſtead of *Beard*, who decide with wonderful *Sagacity*, no doubt, as to the *Properties* of *others*, at an *Age* when the *Law* does not truſt them with the *Management* of their *own*. If it *did*, it would glide inſenſibly into the *Pockets* of their *Coach-makers* and their *Cooks*.

Here the Admiral carries us back with him to his *Ships*. The Month was very near run out, and it would require at leaſt two more to finiſh what was propoſed, the rather becauſe a new *Veſſel* was to be built in the Room of the *Pink Anne*; but how to ſubſiſt for theſe *two* Months, and to re-victual the *Squadron* when ready to put to Sea, were Points of great Conſequence, and for which there was no *Fund*. The *Agatines* received from the Royal Treaſury were almoſt *exhauſted*, and the *Ribbons* were gone, which had produced that *Supply*. It is very true, that ſome *Pieces* of *Lace* were ſtill remaining, but the Threats of the *Grand Comptroller* run in his *Head*, and he was very apprehenſive of his *Credit* at *Court*. He was by this Time become ſenſible, that ſome Regard was due to *Talents*, of which he made but very *light* in *England*. He had received frequent Demands for *Dancing Maſters*, and Perſons who could teach them to play upon the *Flute*, not but that the *Dance* and the *Inſtruments* of the *Country* had their Merit; but then whatever was *new*, and above all what had *pleaſed* at *Court*, was allowed a *Superiority* in the Opinion of the *whole Nation*; and it was this that put them upon theſe *Demands*. He had hither-

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to, however, refiſted their repeated *Sollicitations*, becauſe he found that all Hands might be employed in the neceſſary *Buſineſs* of the *Squadron*; but now he was ſenſible, that even that could not go on, unleſs the *two* great Points before-mentioned could be ſome Way or other adjuſted.

He made choice with this View, of *Fifty* of his People, who had ſome little Tincture, either of *one* or *both* theſe admired *Talents*; and after a *Week* ſpent in *Practice* and *Improvement*, he gave them up to *Public Utility*, and the *Subſiſtence* of the Squadron. But while *others* were *employed*, we muſt not imagine that the *Admiral* ſtood with his *Arms* acroſs like an *idle* Spectator: He had for his *Scholar* in *Dancing*, the *Son* of a *great General* in the Army; I ſaw, ſays he, come to his Houſe every Day, a *Profeſſor* of *Geometry*, and I was not a little aſhamed that tho' he ſpent thrice as much Time there as I did, he had but a *third* of my *Salary* for his *Pains*. Upon an exact Calculation it was found, that the *Profits* of their *new* Profeſſions were ſufficient to defray the *current Expences* of the Squadron, and as to the *Re-victualling* it, *Fortune* threw a freſh and very unexpected *Reſource* in their Way.

His Imperial Majeſty loſt all *Patience* one Day under the Operation of *curling* his *Hair*, becauſe a *Concert* waited for him the whole Time. This *Loſs* of *Temper* alarmed all the Court. They recollected upon this Occaſion, the *Peruke* of Captain *Mitchel*; his *Supreme-Elegance* commanded *Quick* to make him one without Delay; that *honeſt Fellow* laid hold of this *Opportunity*, to reſtore his *Maſter* to his Imperial Majeſty's *good Graces*. He told this Monarch that what he deſired, demanded the *Effort* of a *European* Genius; that in Point of *Execution* he could himſelf do *all* that was *neceſſary*, but for the *Plan* by which he was to work, it was laid up in the Admiral's *Head*, and till *drawn* from *thence*, it was im-

poſſible for him to *proceed*. Upon this the Admiral was ſent for, having firſt had the *ſecret Hiſtory* of this *great Buſineſs* from the Miniſter of the Cabinet *Quick*. He thought it however neceſſary to beſpeak the Favour of the *Comptroller-General* of the *Faſhions*, that he might not by this Affair be expoſed to his *Reſentment*. " The Emperor, Sir, ſaid he, has ſent to me for a *Peruke*. A *Peruke!* replied the Officer of the Crown haſtily, *Know that amongſt all the* Novelties *I have reſerved for the* Uſe *of this* Nation, *who grow fond, and become ſick of every Thing with equal Rapidity, this holds the* firſt Rank. *By the Heavens!* —— He was on the Point of flying into a violent Paſſion ——

" Do but ſuppoſe yourſelf in my Place, replied the Admiral " calmly, our *Subſiſtence* is at *Stake*. Our *Ribbons* are all *gone*, I " have not an *Agatine* left. It is indeed true that we have ſome " *Pieces* of *Lace*; but you prohibited me theſe *Reſources*." —— *Oh!* Pieces *of* Lace! replied the *Comptroller*, in a gentle Tone, *Well, let me have them, and I abandon to you all the Glory, and all the Profit that you can make of your* PERUKE. He had been a long Time thinking of introducing *Lace* amongſt theſe People; but as he had no *Pattern* to produce, he had not hitherto been able to bring that Project to bear. The *Manufacturers* of this *Iſle* were by no means *ready* at *Invention*; *copying* to *Perfection*, and even with ſome *Degree* of *Improvement*, was the *ultimate Praiſe* they *deſerved*. The Admiral accepted the Propoſition, and the Imperial *Peruke* appeared that Day Se'nnight on the Head of the Monarch; who inſtantly founded a *School*, in which young People might be taught this *Art*, that the *Demands* of the *Public* might be ſpeedily *ſatisfied*. Of the *Public* I ſay, for from this Moment a *Gentleman* was aſhamed to go abroad with his *Face* ſhaded with his *own Hair*. This was going pretty *far*; but however the Thing did not *ſtop here*.

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We have before obſerved that this *Iſland* had in its Neighbourhood *Three* potent *States*: Long *Wars* had been more than once maintained againſt them, which had ended in *Treaties* of *Peace*, not very favourable to her *Intereſts*. Yet in all the Viciſſitudes of her *Affairs*, one *Prerogative* ſhe had always maintained, which was that of preſcribing their *Habits*, and whatever related to *Dreſs*. The *Emperor* inſtantly ſent away *three* Perukes, that is to ſay three *Models*, which was to regulate the *Head Attire*, in all the *Three States*; and the *Flood-gates* of the *Treaſury* were ſet open for the Admiral, who having his Mind once more at *Eaſe*, reſumed his *Speculations* on the Manners of the *Frivolians*. There is not perhaps a People any where, of a more *refined Behaviour*; it is, ſays he, aſtoniſhing in the Space of ſo *few* Years, they ſhould have already ſurpaſſed the *French*. It might perhaps have been *as well* if they had kept *preciſely* to the *Leſſons* given them by their Maſters; but in Point of *Elegance*, their *Imagination* is ſo *briſk*, that it is not to be *reſtrained*.

If you chance to enter a *Circle* with a *ſprightly Air*, and in a *Dreſs* perfectly in *Taſte*, you are inſtantly allowed to ſtand poſſeſſed of *all* the *Graces*. The Company till that Moment, found themſelves in *Want* of *ſomewhat*; and yet did not know that *ſomewhat* was *You*: At this Rate they quickly make you *ſenſible*, that you are Maſter of many *Accompliſhments*, which you never *conceived* belonged to you *before*.

The *Frivolians*, to honour you with their *Friendſhip*, do not inſiſt upon your having *good*, they only expect that you ſhould have *pleaſing* Qualities: They will take it for granted that you are a *Man* of *Honour*; but firſt you muſt make it *plain*, that you are a very *pretty Fellow*. Have you any Need of their *Services*: Aſk them, they will beſeech you to honour them with your *Commands*,

after which you will have the *Conſolation* to find them *for ever* diſtracted, that they have not been able to *do* you any *Good*. The Admiral placed great Confidence in a certain *Protector* of his, who had beſtowed upon him abundance of *fine* Words, and to whom he had recourſe for *ſomething* more ſubſtantial. " Look you, " this is all I can do for you, *ſaid the Great-Man*, pulling out a " little *Pocket-Flaſk*, which *Flaſk* was full of a kind of *Diſtilled* " *Liquor*, that might be ſtiled *Court Holy-Water*, of a very agree- " able *Scent*, but being *lighter*, preſently reſolves itſelf into the *Air*." All the polite World *pique* themſelves upon having it in their *Poſ-ſeſſion*; but more eſpecially the *Grandees*, who are remarkably *liberal* of *this*, tho' they ſeldom *part* with *any thing elſe*.

The *Great* are not the ſame all the World over. A Man who has a multitude of People at his *Levé*, and who never wiſhes any other Man *Good-Morrow*; who ſpends his Mornings in looking over *fine Stuffs*, and rich *Toys*, who by the multitude of his *Luſtres* doubles all the *fine* Things that ſet off his *Apartments*; who has a multitude of *Dogs* and *Horſes*, who has what they call a *Grand-Room*, highly finiſhed, in which he gives ſuperb *Entertainments*, and who is almoſt *deafened* with his *own* Applauſe, ſuch a one is ſtiled *Great* among the *Frivolians*, to whom the moſt profound *Reſpect* muſt be paid, while bare *Civility* will content others. What we call *la Politeſſe*, is the very Soul of the *Frivolians*, they would rather by half *betray* a *Friend*, than make him a *lame* Compliment. A Man truly *polite*, has a *Hat* which he never *wears*, *bows* to the very *Ground*, and if he ſpeaks of her whom the *Law* has made *Part* of *himſelf*, never uſes thoſe uncouth Monoſyllables *my Wife*. If he has not *all this* about him, he may be Agreeable, Genteel, Officious, Complaiſant, but he can never be ſtiled *Polite*. To deſerve that *Appellation*, he muſt be ſcrupulouſly *Nice* in the

Articles

Articles of *Titles*. He muſt not barely ſay in ſpeaking of the Emperor, his *Supreme-Elegance* opened the *Ball*; but he muſt be equally careful in obſerving that his *Supreme-Elegance* happened to *Sneeze*. There was a bold Fellow once took it into his Head to ſay to a Great Miniſter, *you are* a Blockhead. All the *Nation* ſtood provoked at the *Indecency* of the Thing, for conſidering the Perſon's *Quality* to whom he ſpoke, he ought certainly to have ſaid *your illuſtrious Splendour is a* Blockhead.

In this Country they obſerve what is called *Decorum* to the higheſt Degree. A Man in Employment, who has *plundered* without *Mercy*, is in high *Conſideration*; if before his *Elevation* he had taken a few *Agatines* upon the *Road*, the *Indecency* had been *ſeverely puniſhed*. A diſtinguiſhed *Beauty* will forgive an *impudent* Fellow *any Rudeneſs*, rather than an *indelicate Expreſſion* in her Preſence. Her *Huſband* is not ſuch a *Tyrant* as to pretend to have any *Claim* upon his Wife's *Heart*; but his Impatience ſurpaſſes all *Bounds*, if her *Amuſements* are not perfectly *decent*. A little before the Admiral's Arrival, they had juſt formed an *Eſtabliſhment*, where ſuch of the *ſofter Sex*, as were ſo *diſpoſed*, might part with their *Virtue*, and yet preſerve great *Decency*.

Amongſt the *Frivolians*, as well as in *Europe*, they talk very much of a Thing called *Merit*: It is however a great Chance if a Man gets *any thing* by it; but it is a clear Caſe there, that it is infinitely better to be what they call *well received*. Thoſe that are ſo are not able to tell you *how it happens*, whether from the *Turn* of their *Features*, their *Behaviour* in *general*, or from a kind of a lucky *Smile*, that ſits conſtantly dimpled on the *Face*. Among theſe People that are *well received*, one perhaps has ſomething *taking* in his *Dreſs*, another is a fortunate *Gameſter*, and a *Third* may be tells a Story *prettily*. In this Country they are not at all ſurprized to

ſee a *Courtier* diſgraced for having ſomething *aukward* about him.

Honour is far from being in the ſame Situation with *Merit*, to this all put in their *Claim*, and you hear it every *where*, and upon every *Occaſion*. They do not tell you here, that they have the *Pleaſure*, but they have the *Honour* to *ſee* you, to *ſpeak* to you, to *ſerve* you, and to have the moſt *profound Reſpect* for whatever are your *Titles*. A young *Ward* of Quality has his *Tutors* of *Honour*, the *Tribunals* are loaded with *Counſellors* of *Honour*, the *Hoſpitals* have their *Directors* of *Honour*; and ſo many of the *Sex* as have *Places* at *Court*, are *Ladies* of *Honour* of Courſe. People of *elevated* Profeſſions would *bluſh* at the Thoughts of being *paid* for the *Service* they rendered the *Publie*; yet this proves no Bar to their accepting large *Honorary Rewards*. But the *Nobility* have a kind of peculiar and excluſive Right to *Honour*; a noble *Frivolian*, who has only the Misfortune to be an exceeding bad *Huſband*, a very indifferent *Father*, an uſeleſs *Member* of *Society*, frequently calls his *Honour* to Mind, and recommends it to his *Son*. That *Son* out of a *dutiful* Regard to his *Father*, is exceedingly careful to lay no ſtreſs upon any Engagement, how ſolemn ſoever, except his *Word* of *Honour*; pays none but *Debts* of *Honour*, and if ever he draws his *Sword* and ſheds *Blood*, it is on a *Point* of *Honour*. The *Women* have a kind of *Honour* to themſelves: They are thought to be ſo *correct* in *preſerving* it, that for the ſake of *Safety* their Huſband's *Honour* has been put into their *Hands*; but *Ladies* of very *high Quality*, commonly deſire to be *excuſed*, on account of their being ſubject to *Vapours*, *Flutters*, *Diſtraction*; and then how can they anſwer for *what they do?*

Honour is eſſential to *them* of the *Blade*. All General Officers are furniſhed from Court, or from the Capital at leaſt, and for that

Reaſon

Reaſon particular Care is taken in their *Education*. A *young Lord* who is deſigned for a *Command* in the Army ought to have the *genteeleſt Taylor*, the ableſt *Perfumer*, the gawdieſt *Equipage*, the fineſt *Livery*; he ought to *Play deep*, *Dance often*, and in *Public*, be preſent at every *Diverſion*, and as a Mark of *Genius* give ſome new Turn to the *Uniform* of the firſt *Troop*, to which he is *preſented*.

This *Elegance* of *Manners* is not barely diffuſed through the *faſhionable World*, but has penetrated likewiſe through the *whole Maſs* of the *People*. A *Tradeſman* views his Goods with a *genteel Air*, and makes you *pay* through the *Noſe*, with the beſt *Grace* in the *World*. The *Artizan* poliſhes *himſelf*, as well as the *Toys* in which he *deals*. The *Domeſtic* need not be told that you take him leſs for *Service* than for *Shew*; he will expreſs his *Senſe* of it in the Manner of *dreſſing* his *Hair*, and will make ſuch an Appearance that if from *behind* he ſhould accidently ſlide *into* the *Chariot*, the *Miſtake* would not be eaſily *perceived*. It requires a correct *Remembrance* of *Faces*, to diſtinguiſh at all Times between my *Lady*, and my Lady's *Woman*. The Arts of *Pleaſing*, Dancing, Muſic, and exterior *Ornaments*, have made their Way through *all Ranks*; and after all the very *Mob* want nothing to ſet them on a *Level* with the *Men* of *Mode*, but to be able to ſay in a high Tone, *my Fellows*, *my Seat*, *my Eſtates*, *my Anceſtors*.

The *Frivolians* have carried their *Elegance* of *Manners* even into the *Boſom* of *Religion*. Good Company ſometimes viſit the *Temple*, to *paſs* away the *Time*. They employ themſelves there in Complimenting, Nodding, Criticiſing upon the Peoples *Faces* and *Cloaths*, to the very Moment that the Preacher begins his Diſcourſe. Parſon *Walter* would often ſay that he went thither to *amuſe* both his *Eyes* and his *Ears*. The Preacher commonly pre-

faced

faced his Diſcourſe with a Compliment to the *High-Prieſt* of the *Capital*, and next paid his *Reſpects* to the Aſſembly: He then makes a ſmooth *Oration* in Praiſe of certain delicate *Virtues*, which may be acquired almoſt without *Trouble*. The Object of their Adoration is the SUN; they would likewiſe be thought to *Love* him, but the *Manner* of doing this, has *embarraſſed* them not a little. For whether he ought to be the *Object* of their Affection, becauſe he gives *them* Warmth and Light, or becauſe *Heat* and *Splendour* are inherent in himſelf, has been a Point already in *Diſpute* above *one hundred* Years, and will be probably *diſputed* for an *hundred* Years to come.

They have proſcribed *Polygamy* in this Country, becauſe there is but *one* Sun, and *one* Moon; but Huſbands take Pains for all that to be *agreeable* to ſeveral Women, and *Wives* would have but a bad Time of it, if they ſhould *reſent* ſuch a *Behaviour*. One *Capital* Point in their Religion, is to *condemn* all others. However, Mr. *Richard Walter*, whom we have ſo often mentioned, was ſeized even here with a *Deſire* of making *Converts*. He made an Attempt upon a Celebrated *Beauty* of the *Court*, who was now and then troubled with *Caprices* of *Virtue*, and who, with a Smattering of *Philoſophy*, ſet off with an agreeable Manner of *Speaking*, attracted the *Reſpect* of ſome of the *Brighteſt Circles* in the *Capital*. He had *two* Obſtacles to overcome. One was to diſabuſe her as to the *Divinity* of the *Sun*, in which he had the good Luck to *ſucceed*; the other was to detach her from *ten* Lovers, to whom ſhe had hitherto maintained the *ſtricteſt Fidelity*. He got over *that* too. He thought himſelf now in a Manner *ſure*. To make you *compleatly happy* Madam, ſaid he, throw aſide that ZIRPHOS, which is now the uſeleſs *Badge* of *Error*. This was the *Image* of the *Sun*, which had been originally worn as an *Enſign* of *Religion*; but which the

Humour of the *Nation* had long ago converted into an unmeaning *Ornament*. " What do you mean, *Wretch*, cried his fair Pupil in a " Tranſport of Rage, part with my ZIRPHOS, the moſt attractive " Article in my *Dreſs*. I will firſt *part* with my *Exiſtence*." From that Moment all *Hopes* were *loſt*, and the *Doctor* found himſelf totally *defeated*.

In reference to their *Converſation*, it is to the full as elegant as their *Manners*. It reſembles in every Reſpect their *Magazines* of *Faſhions*. It is a Sort of *Tinſel* Embroidery upon a very *ſlight Stuff*, a *Fringe* of *Equivocations*, a String of *Queſtions* that require *no Anſwers*; a Concatenation of *Jokes*, at which every Body *laughs* of courſe, without being able to tell what they *laughed* at.

I could not help myſelf, ſays the Admiral *ſmiling*, ſometimes at the pretty light airy *Turns* in their *Diſcourſe*, which are the mere Effects of their Underſtandings, dancing always upon the *Surface* of *Things*.

If the Manners of the *Frivolians* are ſo elegant, *Nature*, ſays he, has given them *Senſations* different from thoſe of other Men. *Beauty* has every where its *Rights*, but at WITSBURGH it has abſolutely *turned* their *Heads*. It is a *Comet* they are continually *obſerving*, never deſiſt from purſuing its *Motions*, endeavour as far as in them lies to *intercept* its *Force*; in ſhort they look at *nothing elſe*, and have *nothing elſe* to employ their Talk.

There are a kind of *little Seats* at *Court* very *inconvenient*, but very much *in vogue*; and ſome great Marriages have been broke off, becauſe truly they would not intitle the Lady to a *Stool*.

They are better pleaſed with the *Appearance* of *Wealth*, than with the *Poſſeſſion* of *Wealth*. After turning out an *empty Purſe*, to convince an *intimate Friend* of their *Inability* to *lend* a *trifling*

 Sum,

Sum, they ſhew him by way of *Amuſement* ſome *uſeleſs Bauble*, that perhaps has coſt them *ten* times as much.

You never hear them enquire whether the *Year* is like to be *fruitful*, whether *Trade* flouriſhes, how *new Magiſtrates* behave, or what Schemes the *Miniſtry* purſue for the *public* Good. But they are very *importunate* to *know* whether the *Chimney-piece* in Faſhion this *Winter* be ornamented with *Glaſs* or *China*, and the moſt vehement Tranſports of *Paſſion* are expreſſed about *Concerts*, *Operas*, and *Maſquerades*. In fine, *rich* Furniture affords them a *Paradiſe*, *Buſineſs* is the *Hell* they would *avoid*, and public *Diverſions* is all the *Heaven* they ever deſire to *ſee*.

The whole City blazes for a *Victory*, by which the *Nation* is *undone*; but not a Soul expreſſes Concern about what becomes of a *Law* upon which the *Public Safety* depends. They are paſſionately *fond* of their Monarch, and yet their *Admiration* ſurpaſſes their *Love*. They ſtun you with the *Number* of his *Guards*, his *Officers*, his *Equipages*, his *Caſtles*, his *Crown Jewels*, yet of a thouſand *beneficent Actions* that he has done you hear not a *Word*. If you tell them that there are *wiſer Courts*, that the *Miniſters* elſewhere are greater *Politicians* than their *own*, they will hear you very *coolly*; but ſhould you hint that there is a more *ſplendid* Monarch upon the *Earth*, Bilbao *is the Word*, *and Slaughter muſt enſue*. You never hear any Man pretend that he has *ſerved*, or is ready to *ſerve* the *Public*, but nothing is more common than to hear People profeſſing their Readineſs to *lay* their *Lives*, their *Fortunes*, their *Exiſtence*, at the Emperor's *Feet*. A Citizen who ſhould ſeriouſly ſay, that he eſteemed it *glorious* to *die* in his *Country's Cauſe*, would only provoke a *loud Laugh*.

Ridicule is their ſupreme and darling *Amuſement*. An *Ambaſſador* arrived from a neighbouring *Nation*, one of thoſe to whom the *Perukes* were ſent. He ſignified to the *Frivolians*, that they muſt

muſt renounce a certain conſiderable *Branch* of their *Commerce*, or reſolve upon a *War*. It happened very *luckily* for him, and for the Nation who ſent him, that his *Noſe* was about a *Foot* long, and his *Peruke* frightfully made. They were ſtruck with theſe *double* Objects of *Ridicule*; they *talked* of them *much*; they *laughed* at them *more*: And in this Fit of *good Humour* they ſent him away *perfectly ſatisfied*.

Sometimes their *Senſations* are ſo ſtrong, that they are injurious to the *public Tranquillity*; of this the Admiral was an Eye Witneſs. A *Prieſt* of the *Sun* was charged with ſeducing a *Virgin* by the Aſſiſtance of the *Black Art*. It was not believed by *one Half*, it was abſolutely believed by the *other Half* of the People. Every Body was either on *this* Side or on *that*. One would have imagined from the *Uproar*, that the very Being of the State had depended either upon the Girl's *Virginity*, or the *Continence* of the *Prieſt*. A little after an *Actreſs*, who was very much admired, ſuddenly *diſappeared*. The whole City was in a *Convulſion*, the *Men* ſwore they would quit their reſpective *Employments*, the *Women* would never look their *Huſbands* in the *Face*, till they ſaw her on the *Stage* again. The beſt of it is, that there is no great *Danger* of a *Revolution* in ſuch *Caſes*. A new *Entertainment* introduced *à propos*, or even a New *Song* ſhall reſtore the *public Peace*.

When we are once acquainted with the *Senſation* and *Manners* of the *Frivolians*, we ſhall be the leſs ſurprized at ſome very ſtrange Cuſtoms that prevail among them: One of theſe is to be exceſſively *loving* upon *New-Year's-Day*. Every Creature is then in Motion, the moſt extravagant *Compliments*, the kindeſt *Expreſſions* of *Friendſhip* are made to every *Perſon* they *meet*; and as if theſe had not only *Sound* but *Meaning*, they are generally accompanied with *Preſents*. If this *Humour* could but be converted in-

to

to a *Habit*, there would be more *Trade* in this *City* than in all the *Univerſe* beſides.

It is no uncuſtomary thing for a *Woman* upon her *Wedding-Day*, to ſuſpend her *whole Fortune* on her *Neck* and *Ears*; or for the *Huſband* to ſell his *Eſtate* to *furniſh* his Houſe *magnificently*.

In the outer Rooms of a *Great-Houſe*, or behind the *Coach*, you may find the likelieſt *Young Fellows* in the whole *Iſland*, lazily lounging out their *Lives*; and at the ſame Time *eating up* their *Maſters*.

The *Provinces* in the mean Time regret the *Loſs* of *Two Hundred-Thouſand* able-bodied Men, who would be ſtill a *greater Burthen*, if ſent down again, with all their Town *Vices* about them.

There are many of the *Nobility* and *Gentry* in very *indifferent* Circumſtances; it is a *Point* of *Honour* that they ſhould remain ſo. *Trade* might raiſe them into a *better* Condition, but *Trade* it ſeems would *debaſe* them. As if *Independency* was not the only kind of *Nobility* according to the *Dictates* of *Reaſon* and *Laws* of *Nature*.

The Country ſwarms with *Judges*. When a *Perſon* aſpires to that *Dignity* it is underſtood that he paſſes a ſtrict Examination. The *firſt* Queſtion aſked him is, *how many Agatines* he has in his *Purſe?* If he can but anſwer this *pertinently*, he need give himſelf very little Trouble about the *reſt*. Another ſtrange Practice is, that the *ſame* Cauſe runs through *ſeveral* Courts, ſo that *one* Deciſion muſt be had after *another*. A Man therefore ought to go to Law *young*, if he means to ſee the *End* of his *Suit*. I was, ſays the Admiral in his Memoirs, under infinite *Concern* for an *unhappy* Man who *carried* his *Cauſe*. The Suit was for a pretty little *Eſtate*, which however, when it came to be *ſold* would not pay the *Lawyer* his *Bill*. It is indeed true, that the *Writings* in the

the Courſe of the *Cauſe* would have compleatly *covered* the *Land* and it is a Point ſettled, that a *Square-Foot* of *Writing* is of much more *Value*, than a *Square-Foot* of *Soil*. The *Fortune* of an *Individual* ſometimes ſhall depend upon the *Coleur* of the *Paper* that contains his *Title*; if that is not *Lilly-White*, all the *Covenants* therein are not worth a *Ruſh*.

In this Iſland there are more *Prieſts* of the *Sun*, than there are *Merchants* on the *Exchange* of *London*. The greateſt Part of theſe are *Young*, that they may not fright the *Laity* when they come to receive their good Counſels. The Duties of theſe *Holy People* are comprehended within a narrow Compaſs. They muſt keep ſtrictly to the *Dreſs* preſcribed, and wear their *Hair* in a particular Manner, chaunt their *Hymns* to the *Sun* at ſettled Hours; and above all they muſt adhere to their *Vow*, that even the *loveliest* Woman is not *amiable*. As to all *other Things* they may follow the *Bent* of their *Inclinations*.

There are ſome amongſt theſe Holy People, environed with all the *Splendour* that *Riches* can purchaſe or beſtow: Yet it is *ſuppoſed* that they *place no Value* on theſe Things, but keep them purely from an Apprehenſion that they might fall into Contempt with the *Vulgar*, if they did not *decorate* their *Virtues*. They reckon that there are above *Two-thouſand* Temples, a prodigious Number of *Altars* in each, and every one of theſe is loaded with *little Ornaments*. It is however no uncommon Sight to behold the *High-Altar* of the *Sun* abandoned, while thoſe dedicated to *Planets* and *Conſtellations* are crouded with *Devotees*.

It is much to be *regretted* that the Admiral was not able to ſpend *more Time* in this *Iſland*, ſince we might then have been in Poſſeſſion of a more *diſtinct* Account of this *extraordinary* Nation. All the neceſſary *Repairs* of the *Squadron* were finiſhed, the *Veſſels*

thoroughly *careened*, the new *Tender* launched, and all the *Proviſions* on board. They waited only for a fair *Wind* in order to *ſail*. The Admiral during his long and terrible Navigation, had taken abundance of Pains to keep up the *Spirits* of his *People*; thoſe ſignificant Phraſes *our dear Country*, *invaluable Liberty*, *the* Glory *of* Old England, *and immortal Reputation*, in Conſequence of their being continually *thundered* in their *Ears*, had by Degrees found a *Paſſage* into their *Hearts*. There was not ſo much as a *Soldier* or a *Sailor* aboard, who did not think his *Actions* might become the *Subject* of a *Parliamentary* Enquiry, or who made the ſmalleſt Doubt that the *Eyes* of all the People of *Great-Britain* were fixed upon his *Conduct*.

Such was the Frame of their Minds at the Time that they ſet *Foot* in this *Iſland*; but their Intercourſe with ſo *lively* a *Nation*, and it may be the *Nature* of the *Aliments* upon which they had ſo long *ſubſiſted*, had made very conſiderable *Changes* in their *Conſtitutions*. They had no longer any Inclination to go in *ſearch* of *Dangers* and *Enemies*, to ſpend their Days in *Labour* and *Pain*, or to ſet *no Value* upon their *Lives*; on the contrary they began to *laugh* with the *Frivolians* at all thoſe *Maſculine* Virtues, which found, augment, and perpetuate *Free States*.

The Admiral was but too thoroughly *convinced* of *this*, and therefore preſſed the *Embarkation*, as much as was in his Power. At length he obtained his *Audience* of *Leave*. The Emperor however would by no Means conſent to his *Departure*, but upon Condition that he ſhould leave behind him *Four* of his *Crew*, at the Choice of his *Supreme-Elegance*. The Admiral *trembled*, tho' without Cauſe; for we are apt to *Fear*, for what we Wiſh to *preſerve*. He was under a Terror, that this Choice ſhould fall upon his *Captains* or *Pilots*; but he was quickly releaſed from theſe

theſe *diſagreeable* Senſations. His *Supreme-Elegance* caſt his Eyes upon the *three* Barbers, the great Artificers of *Perukes* and of *Locks* of every Sort. The fourth was a *Soldier*, who had a *Mechanical* Turn, and who had bid fair for Immortality, by the Invention of a *Summer-Equipage*, in which ſeveral *Pairs* of *Bellows* were ſo dexterouſly *inſerted* as by the very *Motion* of the *Machine*, to furniſh the *Breath* of *Zephyrs* even in the moſt *ſultry Seaſons*.

It is not in any body's Power to command a *Wind*, for which as the *Squadron* was obliged to wait, and as the *Crew* were not any longer employed in neceſſary Labours, they were permitted to *ſtrole* about the *Country* in the *Vicinity* of the *Capital*. Some of the Sailors had taken it into their Heads to ſcale a *Ridge* of *Mountains* on the *Summit* of which the *Earth* was *burnt* to *Powder*, without Trees, without Herbs; but in the *Duſt* of which, were plentifully ſcattered a kind of *Chriſtalline* Stones, and *Marcaſites*, in which *Veins* of *Gold* were very *conſpicuous*. As ſoon as the Admiral was appriſed of this, he went thither with thoſe about him, who were *ſkilled* in *Mines*. He examined thoroughly the Texture, Quality and Produce of theſe *Marcaſites*, for which Purpoſe he cauſed them to be dug up in ſeveral Places; and having taken the *Poſition* of the *Ground* preciſely he returned to the *Squadron*.

Extreme *Joy* diffuſed itſelf through all his *People*, their *Imaginations* were already at the *Bottom* of the *Mine*. They computed what immenſe *Treaſures* it contained, and the Time neceſſary to draw them *out* of the *Bowels* of the *Earth*. We cannot tell, ſaid they, how long we may be *detained* here, nay who knows whether we ſhall quit this *delicious Iſle* at all? But if we leave it, let us not leave it without carrying off the *Riches* that are *our own*, in Right of *Diſcovery*, and which we are ſure the Iſlanders will never *diſpute*, becauſe they have *no* Idea of their *Value*. The Notions of

Admiral upon this Subject, were of a quite different Kind; he impoſed the ſtricteſt *Silence*, with reſpect to the *Mine*. It was upon this Occaſion that he *ſwore* his Company never to ſpeak of this *ſingular Iſland*; and at the ſame Time he gave out *Orders*, that no Man ſhould *quit* his *Ship* upon *Pain* of *Death*.

All the *Delights* of this charming Iſland never ſtruck the Minds of his *jolly Sailors* in ſo affecting a Manner, as at this *Inſtant*. The Conſternation was general, the Signs of Grief and Care, were not ſo apparent in their *Faces* even in Times of *greateſt Danger*. So much leſs *terrible* is a *Storm* at *Sea* than the *Tempeſt* of the *Mind!* But the Admiral, excluſive of the Power veſted in him by his *Command*, had that Natural, that Divine Authority, that ſprings from *Superior Virtue*; and while ſympathetic *Grief* would have melted the *Soul* of almoſt *any other* Man, he was pleaſing himſelf with the *Hopes*, that when they were once at *Sea*, he ſhould be able to diſſipate theſe effeminate *Dreams*, and reſtore their *peiſtine Vigour*. The next Morning it blew a ſmart *Gale* from the Weſt, the Squadron immediately weighed, and ſtood away to the *South-Seas*, to plunder *Payta*, a rich Town in *Peru*, where the *Spaniards* were in the deepeſt Security. The reſt of his *immortal Exploits* are to be found in the *Hiſtory* of his *Voyage* and make no part of my Subject.

But I muſt aſk leave to ſuggeſt a few *haſty Reflections*. A Fit of *Patriotiſm* has ſeized me: It is natural enough after having *talked ſo long* of the *Britiſh* Genius. Admiral *Anſon* has diſcovered a Country in a *fine Climate*, a Nation *eaſily* ſubdued, and *Mines* of *Gold*. He has enjoined *Silence* upon *Oath*, he has made it a *Secret* of *State*. Can we doubt that ſome Time or other he means a Conqueſt? And why ſhould not we *attempt* it? Shall we always leave it to the *Maritime Powers*, to *diſcover* and

and to *ſubdue?* Are we not *Maritime Powers* ourſelves; ſince we have the *Mediterranean* on one Side, and the *Ocean* on the other? Let us then for once prevent the *Engliſh*, or if in Point of *Conſcience* we are *Scrupulous* of making ourſelves *Maſters*; let us at leaſt eſtabliſh a *lawful* and *advantageous Commerce* with *Frivoland*. The Admiral fairly acknowledges that notwithſtanding their *Rage* of *Luxury*, the People are not yet got to that height of *Taſte* which prevails in *London*; and yet what is the *Taſte* of *London*, in Compariſon of the *Enchantments* of *Paris?* What Eagerneſs would the *Frivolians* expreſs for our *Tapeſtries* of the *Goblins*, the *Varniſhes* of *Martin*, our enamelled *Toys*, our Damaſk *Sword-Blades*, our rich Stuffs of *Lyons*, and all thoſe innumerable Materials for *Finery*, which *diſtinguiſh* our *Men*, and which give an incomparable *Value* to our *Women?* Are we not *Inventors* and *Manufacturers* of *Fopperies* for *Europe?* How do we know that our *Romances*, our *Comedies* and our *Operas*, that multiply here with ſuch *Succeſs*, may not prove a profitable *Branch* of *Commerce* there? However, don't let both Sexes be *frighted* at ſuch a *Propoſal*. We will carry theſe *Americans* only the *Superfluity* of our *Superfluities*, and bring back in *Exchange* their *Gold*, which they can very *well ſpare*.

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